



PROMETHEUS

*He gave man speech, And speech created thought,
Which is the measure of the universe.*

Volume IV - Issue 6

GREENFIELD COMMUNITY COLLEGE

June, 1966

GCC GIVEN GREEN LIGHT

By Linda Siteman

The Accreditation Committee received the green light on plans to apply for accreditation in the fall, it was announced this week.

Unlike Europe where colleges are accredited by the government, U.S. schools must apply to a private organization, "a voluntary self-governing organization to develop and maintain sound educational standards." In GCC's case this is the New England Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. NEA members meet once a year to revise their programs and standards.

The NEA generally looks for two things in a college applying for accreditation: objectives, (does the college have reasonable, attainable goals?) and an effective administrative organization.

According to the NEA manual on standards for membership, the college must "base the program of studies upon general education derived from courses in the humanities, social sciences and natural sciences and should provide opportunity for laboratory experiments in the sciences."

Members of the GCC ad hoc committee—Mrs. Elizabeth Guiu, librarian; Herbert Homme, business and management; David Harvey, physics and chemistry; Mrs. Priscilla Warner, English; Mrs. Elizabeth St. Clair, psychology; Mrs. Bernadine McQueeny, Nursing, and John Kazar, history—have been investigating existing conditions at the college for several weeks, concentrating on realistic facilities, capable faculty members and success and interest of students.

For example, they checked to see if the college had adequate laboratory equipment and a well-stocked library to meet the demands of the programs offered and if the goals for these facilities are realistic. Faculty members must also be capable of teaching the courses offered. The college would not be approved if there was, for example, a professor with his doctorate in English teaching accounting, or some such thing.

The ad hoc committee decided to call in an advisory board from an accredited college. Last week, the vice-president and dean of faculty from Berkshire Community College visited GCC, sat in on classes, interviewed both students and faculty, and recommended that the college proceed with plans to apply for accreditation.

The results of the report submitted by the ad hoc committee were favorable, and the faculty voted unanimously to go ahead with the application.

A three-man committee will

(Continued on page 4)



Donna McKinnon, 19, was voted Spring Weekend Queen at G.C.C. For more photos, see pg. 3.

APPLICANTS ACCEPTED

WASHINGTON, D.C.—College seniors or graduates can fulfill their military obligation as officers in the U. S. Coast Guard. Qualified applicants are notified of selection for Officer Candidate School before they enlist.

OCS classes convene in September and February at the Coast Guard Reserve Training Center in historic Yorktown, Virginia. There the carefully selected college graduates receive 17 weeks of intensive, highly specialized training. Upon graduation they are commissioned as ensigns in the Coast Guard Reserve and serve on active duty for three years. Those qualified may be offered flight training.

Coast Guard officers receive the same pay and benefits as officers of other Armed Forces. Included are 30 days of annual leave and free medical and dental care.

Peacetime duties of the Coast Guard include law enforcement, search and rescue, oceanographic research, marine safety, and the maintenance of aids to navigation.

Information of the U.S. Coast Guard Officer Candidate School may be obtained from Commandant (PTP-2), U.S. Coast Guard Headquarters, Washington, D.C. 20226 or the nearest Coast Guard Recruiter.

Good Luck
to G.C.C.
Graduates
CLASS OF
1966
from the
PROMETHEUS
Staff

NCCPA GAINS NEW MEMBER

By Sue Palmer

Mrs. Helen Ellis, English instructor and advisor to Prometheus, recently became a member of a relatively new professional literary organization, The National Council of College Publications Advisors. This association was founded in 1955 at Detroit by approximately 40 college publications' advisors, and its representatives from nearly all the 50 states, Canada and Mexico. Its central headquarters are in the office of Dr. John Boyd, Indiana State University, Terre Haute, Indiana.

NCCPA is an independent entity. Although it is neither connected with nor sponsored by any college, university, journalism fraternity or college press association, it does enjoy cooperation among many of these groups and is endorsed by several state college press associations and departments of journalism.

The major service of the NCCPA is its provision of a network of authorities across the nation to answer campus publications problems for advisors and administrators. It also conducts nationwide research on high school journalism and its relationship to college and professional journalism. A major goal of the organization is to inform the campus, the administration and the general public about the work and responsibility of the publications advisors.

NCCPA was formed for sever-

al reasons:

1. To associate junior college, college and university publications' advisors into an organization whose aims are to elevate standards for the effective guidance of the student press;
2. To obtain the best thinking on the many problems of this highly specialized field and to share such information;
3. To use these ideas in the best interest of preserving the responsible functions of the college press as free enterprises;
4. To promote a broader understanding of the problems faced by the advisor and thereby assist him in gaining recognition as a leader in the campus community; and
5. To insure by responsible guidance, the growth of student publications as a medium for the education of future citizens of a free society.

Each year NCCPA gives recognition to a member newspaper advisor and a yearbook advisor who receive a plaque and the title, "Distinguished Advisor" at the annual NCCPA meeting.

Today the National Council of College Publications Advisors ranks with the Association for Education in Journalism and state collegiate press associations as a professional organization for advisors: we are proud to be one of its newest members.

57 to Graduate

Fifty-seven students will graduate from Greenfield Community College on the night of June 15. Of these, approximately sixty per cent will transfer to a four-year institution.

Final plans for graduation week have been completed and were released last week.

The Senior-dinner dance will take place on June 9 at the Sweetheart Tea House on Route 2 in Shelburne Falls. The evening will begin with a buffet supper at 7:30, followed by dancing to the Cliff Symonds Orchestra. Dress will be semiformal; tickets must be purchased by June 2.

The annual President's Reception for members of the graduating class and their families will take place on June 14 at 8 p.m. at the Thomas Memorial Golf and Country Club. As part of the program, College pins will be presented to the nursing graduates.

Commencement rehearsal will take place at 4 p.m. June 14 in the Greenfield High School auditorium. Caps and gowns will be distributed at this time.

Commencement exercises will begin at 8 p.m. June 15 in the high school auditorium. The procession will form at 7:30.

Guest speakers will be Dr. Marvin A. Rapp, Vice-President of Nassau Community College, Garden City, Long Island, N.Y. Dr. Rapp was formerly Assistant Executive Dean for Community



Miss Cecilia Guiu stands before one of her paintings currently on exhibit in the G.C.C. Auditorium.

Obscure Art

By Robin Cox

This month's artist, Miss Cecilia Marina Guiu, whose work is currently featured in the GCC auditorium, is the twenty year-old daughter of our own librarian, Mrs. Guiu. This year, Miss Guiu's formal Art education has begun at Bennington where she is a sophomore. Artistic talent is not lacking in her family, as her father studied sculpture at the San Alejandro Art School in his native country of Cuba. Cecilia's works are reductive in style and for the most part employ stain techniques. Often another piece of canvas is used instead of a paintbrush. If you take the time to browse through her exhibit in the auditorium you will see paintings titled "Un Barco Fantasma" (a Phantom Ship), a small, abstract study of the moon, "Cosmic Continuity", done with cardboard on wood, "Loneliness of the Long Distance Cactus", done with sand and acrylic, "Trees Die Standing Up", and many others. Miss Guiu's paintings represent a loneliness in vastness, a merryment in obscurity, and a beauty in an ultra-simple view of nature.

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BOOK REVIEW

Saul Bellow In Triplicate

By Lena Spungin

This may be the only time in *Prometheus*' history that an invitation to review one book turns into a review of two of the author's earlier books instead.

After reading only eighty pages of *Herzog* by Saul Bellow, I hauled myself out of the tangled mess of Herzog's life to get better acquainted with both the author and his earlier works in order to understand why this book received both the National Book Award for fiction and the International Literary Prize.

The simplest approach to this end seemed to be through *Seize the Day* (1956), a slim, 28-page volume which describes the dilemma of modern man suffering from the dissolution of his family ties. The focus is on the father-son relationship which creates Tommy Wilhelm's pathetic predicament. Tommy is between jobs and is trying to fulfill his estranged wife's incessant demands for herself and his two sons. He appeals to his widowed father for understanding and sympathy; later, in desperation, he appeals to him for financial assistance, and is rejected. To save himself, Tommy succumbs to Dr. Tamkin's stock-market tips and his existentialist philosophy, which produce a poignantly funny episode. In spite of his intense effort for spiritual survival, Tommy fails.

Edward Schwartz in *The New Republic* observes that "in *Seize the Day* Saul Bellow reveals his extraordinary ability to grasp the moment and capture the essence of human experience."

My second effort to understand Saul Bellow's greatness as a writer was to read *Dangling Man* (1944), his first book, which attracted the serious attention of the literary world. Joseph, who dangles for months between civilian and military life while awaiting Army service, attempts to develop his intellectual being by disengaging himself from the outer world. His goal is complete freedom of the spirit. He discovers that, in spite of possessing freedom to act, action has frozen in him. He becomes irritable with his wife; he is hostile to his family; and he re-

Poet's Corner

Natures

By John Foley

You know it really tees me off—this dirty business
Of havin' to work for a living when all
These people act like parasites. There just ain't no justice till Big Red
Makes the scene at the local hamburger joint.
And all the ants flock around him
And all the insects flock around his food
And all the male ants flock around his girl
Who couldn't care less.
Animals? No, they don't deserve the name—
They're all products of waste of one type or another.
Unknowable, unthinkable, unutterable, insatiable.

House of Walsh

Amherst
Massachusetts
Outfitters
College Men
and Women

Student of the Month



George Sibley, a man of many faces, pauses to reflect.

When people first meet George Sibley, they are undoubtedly impressed by his uncanny humor and wit, his frank, often earnest nature, and his fun-loving, adventuresome spirit. Sit down and talk with George sometime, however, and you will discover that he is a great deal more than this: he is, indeed, a man of many faces.

A second-year liberal arts student at G.C.C., George is currently studying American Literature, American History, Modern Drama, World Literature, and Geology. After graduation, he plans to continue his education at U. Mass. and major in dramatics.

At G.C.C. George will probably be best remembered for two things: his marvelous portrayal of Face, the ubiquitous sidekick of Subtle in the spring production of *The Alchemist*; and for his movies.

Next to his love for diving, George is most enthusiastic about films. He has formed his own film-making team, The Harve Company, and would actually like to go into the field of producing as a professional. A movie-lover "ever since I can remember," George feels that there is a need for good movie producers. He specifies movies because he doesn't like the limitations which television places on creativity. With a movie, he believes, there is a greater freedom of expression.

George is, perhaps without realizing it, at all times modest, and at the same time completely honest. His outlook is based on freedom of thought and individuality; for he believes that a person's philosophy should be reflected by what he is and how he acts and that if a person wishes to do something he enjoys, and if it doesn't hurt anyone else, then he should go ahead and do it. George's philosophy seems to work for him. He lives up to it in every way and is true to himself. Unaframed to say what he thinks, if he feels that someone is wrong, he says so. This quality is a grace in today's

PRESIDENT'S

RECEPTION

For Grads
and Families

June 14, 8 p.m.

THOMAS MEMORIAL

COUNTRY CLUB

Mein Kampf

By John Foley

See the funny, grizzled, crusty old man hiding in the shadow of the alley. What has he got to live for? In these anti-Medicare days, when everyone is more concerned with Vietnam than Gainesville, Ohio, who is there to care for the outcasts of society? A long white beard and oily strands of unkempt hair cover the well-worn visage. Clothes that are no longer clothes act as an appearance of warmth. His shoes are well coordinated in color and style, even if they offer only negligible protection. He stands as a transplanted weed of society, someone beyond the limits of its influence. He has been laid off for six years, surviving only on what he can steal and occasionally earn. He is a creature of the rails, moving from town to town in aimless pursuit of his existence. And, for him, living is no more than an existence which each day becomes duller to accept and harder to appreciate. What does he think of himself? Probably next to nothing. In most people's opinion, that would be a rather accurate estimate. Consider his stiff arthritis-ridden hands and those gashes all over his fingers. Those cuts, while not deep, are numerous and his fingers are literally a wretched, bloody mess. Only one thing can help this degenerate now. Someone must, and I repeat must, take that laptop away and give him a ringtop.

COMMENCEMENT

REHEARSAL

June 14 - 4 p.m.

GHS Auditorium

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Greenfield Community College like many other high schools, and colleges—large and small—lacks enthusiasm and participation in its student body. This is a true and known fact and also a very unhappy one for the future success of this college.

Many of the faculty members at GCC have added to their already loaded schedules, the leadership of one or more extracurricular activities, such as direction of the glee club, *Prometheus* staff, the drama and other clubs. These hardworking teachers are ready and eager to help students in these "outside" interesting and definitely worthwhile student projects.

But—where are the students? How can any club grow and produce if only a few interested individuals show up at regular club meetings? This is a big problem at GCC and other colleges.

The *Prometheus*, the college newspaper, is an excellent example of the lack of student participation and enthusiasm. Certainly, anyone can fully see the need for a campus newspaper.

Here, students who desire a career in journalism can get much experience by writing and producing a college newspaper. Students with "something to say" can get their ideas and opinions published in the campus paper.

A newspaper is a definite must for all colleges, GCC in-

cluded. A college newspaper is a spokesman for all students, and keeps them up on the news of the college. A college newspaper makes the students aware that they are members of a group.

Where, then, is the student participation and enthusiasm at GCC? What can we do to solve this problem?

Evi Shields

THE TABLES TURNED??

Students telling Dr. Turner what to do? Impossible!! But it was true; the worm had turned. Students got word that Dr. Lewis O. Turner, president of GCC, had volunteered his services at the Chamber of Commerce Slave Auction, in which prominent men of the community were "bought" by the highest bidder, and must be their slave for a night. They submitted a bid, but were unfortunately outbid by Richard Smith Inc.

Nevertheless, to several students, went the pleasure of turning the tables and supervising Dr. Turner as he paid off his slave debt on the corner of Main and Federal Sts. on the night of May 27.

Rev. James Duncan, professor of psychology at GCC also donated his services. He played slave to Bartlett's Men's Shop the same evening.



Dr. Lewis O. Turner, President, cuts Birthday cake presented to him by students and faculty. Christine DeGregorio, Member of Queen's Court, looks on.

A soft night in June, a warm breeze stirring the tassel of your cap, and you're graduating again.

The sting is not so sharp as when you left your high school classmates behind, but the cold chill is still there.

Two year's of memories of days at GCC pass in the warm night as the speaker drones on, vague, far away. Or is it you that is far away, to the day in September of 1964 when you stepped uncertainly through the doors of another world, an alien, unprotected world?



Sandra Regan, last year's Queen, places crown on head of Donna McKinnon as Christine DeGregorio offers congratulations. Other Member of the Court, Robin Cox, is not shown.



Donna and escort George Mathey.

A sideways glance across the room, and a strangely familiar profile is etched against the dim light—that night seemed so long ago, but it wasn't forgotten.

Now, degree in hand, file slowly down the aisle and once again step out a door into a new world without so much as a backward glance and only a single tear, shed unnoticed on the walk.

Events began with the crowning of a new queen, Donna McKinnon, on the night of May 6. About 250 students jammed the lodge of Camp Lion Knoll to dance to the music of The Given Words.

The parade down Main St. went smoothly and several hundred gathered to watch. The carnival in the afternoon, while much more successful than last year's, still lacked some of the enthusiasm that prevailed over the other events.

Saturday night was a magical



A Backward Glance

By Sue Palmer

Of all the poetic connotations that the month of June brings to mind, the end of school just has to be the most important event. The summer will be too short, and September promises still another year of studying, exams, and term papers. But will there ever be a year quite like this past one?

After the initial card-signing, money-paying, class-registering trivialities were out of the way, I quickly settled down into The Routine; namely, classes all day and homework all night. That ended shortly, however, when good old Mrs. Ellis asked me if I would like to write "something" for the newspaper. My early decision to not get involved in anything was completely abandoned, and here I am!

Some of the social events that I remember were the dances, particularly the one at Thunder Mountain. It seemed as if everybody was there, outlandishly dressed. It was quite difficult, frankly, to tell who had on costumes and who didn't, the rule being that if you didn't have on a costume, you had to pay admission. Was a black mask a costume or not? By the way, why did the cider barrel keep leaking? And what ever happened to all those leftover donuts?

One of the spring events that delighted everyone who went was the opening of Club 125. Although it was supposed to have been a failure because it was held at the school, it turned

out to be more fun than a barrel of monkeys and watusis. Dr. Padgug and Mr. Keir amazed everyone with their musical abilities and gave the school a night to remember. I'll never figure out what Dick Wise was doing up there on stage with all the celebrities. Trying to get autographs, maybe?

How could I ever think of G. C. C. without remembering Mr. Drabeck and his play, *The Alchemist*. I don't know how many students and other people were involved in some way with this production, but I would say about one hundred.

Well, would you believe seventy-five? This just had to be the agony and the ecstasy revisited.

Did anything go completely as planned? I doubt it, but it was interesting to see the results of hard work unfold.

I'll never forget seeing my every-day classmates up there on stage as full dramatic personae; it was hard to believe that they were the same kids who sat next to me in class and did the same common ordinary things I do every day. What a difference a stage makes! Mr. Drabeck deserves much, much credit, not only for his fine production and direction, but also for his flexibility for being able to step into a role at the last minute. I know that for everyone involved in the play, it was hard work, a lot of fun, and a great success.

The big social event of the year, of course, was Spring

Weekend. I hope Dr. Turner will remember that the protocol for receiving a birthday cake is to first blow out the candles, then look confused! Lenny Schneider sure showed up Killdeer Joe Piro with his mean version of the cha-cha. George Sibley's flick was the greatest; it's too bad the Academy Awards weren't in the summer because George would be a high contender. Congratulations to all committee chairman and their members for a tremendous weekend.

These are some of the high points of 1965-66 at G. C. C. However, no school year would be complete without the balance of various controversies, and our year was no exception. The snack bar mess and its ultimate renovation haven't seemed to improve matters a great deal, have they? Students are still dressing like semi-slobs, and apathy hangs in there like a die-hard champion. But these are perennial things, really, and could happen anywhere, any year. I would like to say, before I temporarily leave the old building: no, there will never be a year quite like the past one; it belongs to all of us.

NEXT ISSUE:

Fall

Orientation

evening — every dungaree clad student was miraculously transformed into a gowned goddess or a shiny-faced best-dressed prince charming.

Highlight of the evening came when a hush fell over those gathered as the band picked up the strains of "Happy Birthday". A surprised Dr. Turner cordially accepted a cake and gifts from the students and faculty.

Sunday the faculty trounced the students 9-3 in the combined softball game. Appetites whetted, either by playing or strenuous watching, those in attendance devoured almost a thousand hot dogs and hamburgers. Sunday evening was climaxed by the excellent film production by George Sibley, featuring student hams and trick photography.

All involved were extremely satisfied with the success; the committee deserves highest praise for a well-planned weekend, devoid of any incidents. All behavior was a compliment to GCC.

Au Revoir

This is the last issue of *Prometheus* for the 1965-66 academic year.

Certainly this year saw many changes in the paper, both in appearance and content, due in a large part to the efforts of Mrs. Helen Ellis, faculty advisor, who consoled, advised, suggested and occasionally lectured.

But the advisor and the editors alone do not print a paper. Without the dedication and loyalty of a fine staff of reporters, no news would ever be written.

Richard Thayer has officially handed in his resignation as co-editor. In the fall, a freshman will be elected to train for the position that will be left vacant by Linda Siteman next spring.

Look for the next issue of *Prometheus* during orientation and registration!



FACULTY SPEAKS

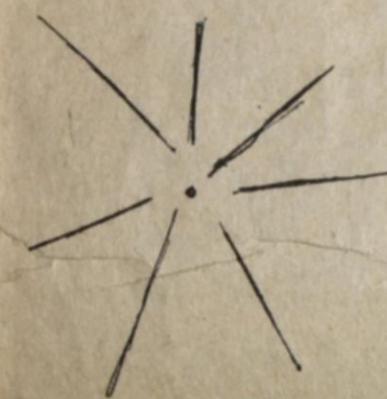
By Elizabeth St. Clair, Psychology Division

If there is one thing we all have in common, it is troubles! They come in assorted shapes and sizes, small doses, large doses and overdoses.



Sometimes, like the chameleon, they change while you look at them. Small troubles turn into "blessings in disguise" and "lessons." Chronic troubles come to be accepted like permanent guests or members of the family so that we no longer see them as troubles.

And sometimes, if we look at a trouble hard enough, from all sides, through and through, it just ceases to exist!—or at least we can't see it.



People think in all kinds of ways about trouble. There is the person (we all know at least one) who very carefully saves and stores troubles, like pickles on the shelf, to open when there is company. Like the maker of homemade pickles, this person hopes that you will recognize the superior size and quality of his troubles!



There are a few persons who cover themselves with a hard and slippery shell so that troubles simply slide off and roll away unnoticed.



Oh yes, the chameleons. These are the people who hug their sorrows and magnify them when others are not much impressed. But let someone commiserate with them and they laugh and minimize their troubles right out of existence. Or vice versa.

And then there are the stewers! These are the ones who put their troubles in the pot, add lots of seasonings to increase the flavor, cook slowly

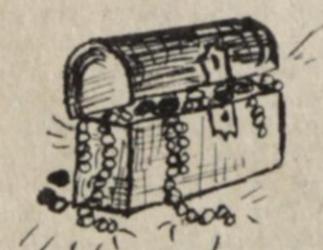
and for a long time. They enjoy the permeating aroma. And they make enough to last for several days, and plenty for the whole family.



Some are knights in armor, rushing out with high pleasure to challenge troubles to fair duel. These treat each encounter as an adventure—some inconvenience and rough going, but essentially fun.



A few are trouble hoarders, saving each little scrap to add to the collection. Each item is cared for lovingly—to be brought out at some future date and admired (like old jewelry) as time and tarnish make ever more treasured.



There is one most unwelcome trouble collector. This is the person who picks up pieces of trouble, polishes them up and twists them into all kinds of shapes, wraps them up in inviting small packages, and then sends them out anonymously on the grapevine. They are sometimes called gossips or rumor mongers.



There are a few blythe souls who simply are too merry to spend much time with troubles. They simply blow them away like so many soap bubbles.



There are as many different ways of meeting trouble as there kinds of trouble and kinds of people. But there is just one more person I would like to mention. This is the person who goes after trouble and chases it away the way a housewife chases away dirt with her broom. This person makes short shrift of trouble, not allowing her home to become cluttered with it for long. I think we know this person, too, and secretly admire her.

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Accreditation . . .

(Continued from page 1)
visit the college to determine if the standards required exist. "The visiting committee will also look for evidence that the students have a genuine concern for intellectual matters and serious attitude toward their academic work" according to N.E.A.

What would accreditation mean to Greenfield Community College? For one thing, it is a status symbol, a symbol of prestige, among colleges; it is an honor to be accepted, and any college that has earned the distinction.

Also, a college that is credited is apt to find its transfer students accepted more readily at other schools, and credits are easier to transfer.



G.C.C. Geology Trip to New York

Was a Successful Event

Graduation
June 15

SENIOR DINNER DANCE

June 9—Tickets on Sale Now

LAST FLING OF THE YEAR

CAMP LION
KNOLL DANCE
JUNE 3
8-3 a.m.

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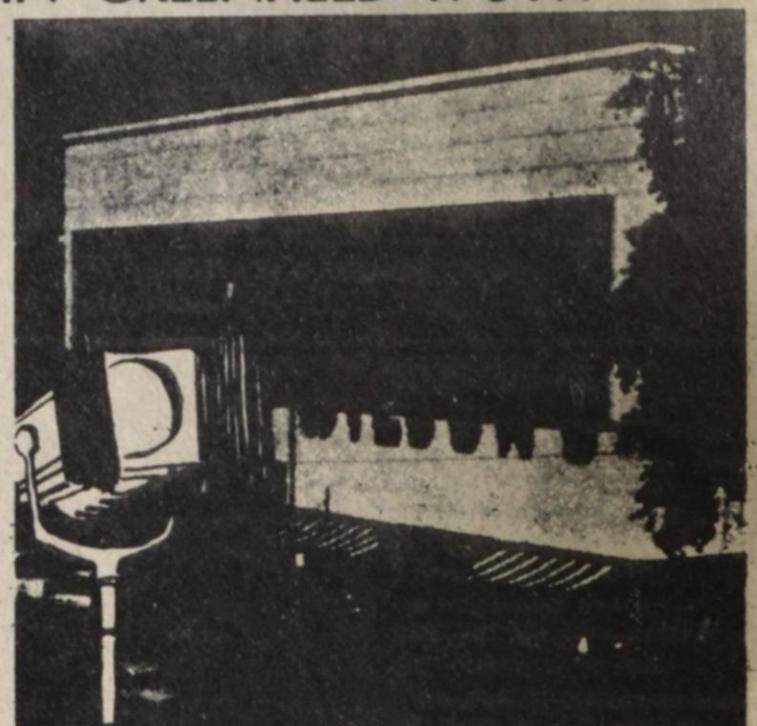
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